

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

DALLAS, SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1872

Money Market.

Latest New York Gold Quotations.....\$11
Legal Tenders in Portland:
Buying.....91 | Selling.....91

Dallas Produce and Commission Market.

Corrected Weekly, by Bolter and Worthy
Merchants, Main Street, Dallas, Oregon.
WHEAT—\$0@65 per bush.
CATS—35 @ 10 c.
BARLEY—75c
FLOUR—\$2@ \$5 50 per bush.
" Skrs \$1 37
CORN MEAL—4c per lb.
BEANS—6c per lb.
BACON—Sides, 16c per lb.
" Shoulders, 14c to 12c, per lb.
HAMS—22 @ 16c per lb.
PORK—Dressed, 6c per lb.
BUTTER—Firkins 20 @ 25c per lb.
" Pickled, 5c to 10c per lb.
EGGS—50c per lb.
LARD—Butterfat, 15c to 20.
TOMATOES—From Wagon, 37c per bushel.
ONIONS—\$1 50 per bushel.
APPLES—Green, 50c per lb.
" Dried, 6c per lb.
CHEESE—New Oregon, 20 @ 25c per lb.
DRIED PLUMS 16c per lb.
WOOL—3c to 5b

DALLAS CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH—Services on the 4th Sabbath Each month—11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, Rev. J. James, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH SOUT.—Services on the 1st Sabbath of each month at 11 A. M. Rev. J. M. Lovell, Pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Services on the 3d Sabbath of each month at 11 A. M. Rev. P. Holman, Pastor.

From the *Messenger* we learn that the law classes at Monmouth are progressing finely.

Rev. T. F. Campbell of the Christian Church preached here on last Sunday. We did not hear the Rev. gentleman but understand he made a splendid effort.

The Heathen Chieftain has made his appearance in Dallas. Up to the present time Dallas has been exempt from this curse, and we trust the people who have washing to do will give it to the poor woman who resides among us.

DISCUSSION.—Rev. T. F. Campbell of Monmouth, and Prof. Chaney are to hold a discussion during Christmas week at Portland as to the Bible being an inspired book. Both gentlemen are able and a lively discussion is anticipated.

A Startling Truth!—Thousands die annually from neglected coughs and colds, which soon ripen into consumption, or other equally fatal diseases of the lungs; when by a timely use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry their lives might have been preserved to a green old age.

The December number of the *Physiological Journal* comes to us filled if possible with richer fuel for the mind than any number that has preceded it, we could not nor would not do without it, every family in Oregon ought to read it, the subscription books are open in this office call at once.

GONE.—A festive member of the C. C. B. residing at Independence has abandoned single cause, ease, and taken to himself a wife. We did not get either an invitation to the wedding or a piece of the cake, yet we are magnanimous and say, may the bride and groom "live happy and die long." Friend Fickle, your turn comes next.

WEATHER RECORD FOR NOV., 1872.

KEPT BY T. PEARD, RALEIGH, OREGON.

LAT 44° 57' LONG 123° 5'

1. morn temp. 45°, rain .20 in wind South
2. " 44, rain 0.05 in. wind South
3. " 43, rain 0.01 in. wind South
4. " 43, rain 0.15 in. wind North
5. " 48, cloudy wind South
6. " 53, cloudy, wind South
7. " 55, rain 0.20 in. wind South
8. " 57, rain 0.10 in. wind South
9. " 57, rain 0.35 in. wind South
10. " 56, rain 0.35 in. wind South
11. " 59, rain 0.32 in. wind South
12. " 56, cloudy, wind South
13. " 27, rain 0.06 in. wind North
14. " 27, rain 0.25 in. wind North
15. " 30, clear, wind North
16. " 31, clear, wind North
17. " 32, clear, wind North
18. " 22, clear, wind North
19. " 31, cloudy, wind South
20. " 27, clear, wind North
21. " 37, clear, wind North
22. " 40, cloudy, wind South
23. " 33, clear, wind North
24. " 32, clear, wind North
25. " 33, cloudy, wind North
26. " 29, clear, wind North
27. " 44, cloudy, wind North
28. " 37, rain 0.37, in. wind North
29. " 47, cloudy, wind South
30. " 50, rain 0.31 in. cloudy, wind South

NEW SERIAL.—With the issue of January 4th 1872, we will commence the publication of a thrilling sensational story entitled *Pisgah Stoyer* the wild hunter of Deer Creek. It is the joint production of a quartette of hunters and from the advance sheets in our hands we pronounce it decidedly rich. The whole talent of the Court House are engaged in it, and we confidently assure our readers it will repay personal. Subscriptions for the paper everybody.

We met our old friend Ed Delashmutt last Wednesday and as ever was glad to hear his jovial voice, but was sorry to learn that he had some time since his right arm broken; he is however recovering from the injury and we hope will soon be able to use his arm again. We take this opportunity to notify Uncle Ed, that the next time he goes hunting and gets his arms or legs broken, we want him to send word to this office, so that we can publish it before he gets well and able to come to town and inform us personally.

THE TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE DEEP HUNT.—The LIBERAL REPUBLICAN is an enterprising journal. Everything of public importance is noted in its columns, and neither labor nor expense is spared to make it fully up to the time.

For a number of weeks past the hunting fraternity of Dallas, have had a bankrolling after venison, and our reporter having heard a rumor of the intended hunt, prepared his spotted cauay for the especial purpose of accompanying the Nimonds. Accordingly, when on Friday of last week, Meares, Holmes, Richmond, Daly and Vineyard, equipped with dogs and guns, under the leadership of ex Judge Delashmutt took the road to Deer Creek, our reporter stole quietly after them determined to show our readers that, "a chiel was among them takin notes." On the second day out, the Nimonds who had been joined by Reuben Gant and a son of Mr. Del, came in view of "The happy hunting ground," and were startled by the sight of a noble buck that came bounding along, to which immediate chase was given. Our reporter, sitting on a log, took in the situation, Meares, G. Del. H. and V. yelling like a pack of Comanches on the war path, rushed to the several stands

each determined to draw the first blood, leaving to the labor of unHarnessing the horses. As a majority of our readers know Mr. Daly's skill with horses, it is needless to say that the task did not take long. Shortly after the start, our reporter was thrown from the log on which he was sitting, by a concussion caused by a noise resembling either the explosion of a ton of nitro-glycerine, or the shock of a small sized earthquake. Upon recovering himself his ears were startled by a noise, a cross between a human voice and the baying of a wounded deer, and he rushed frantically forward to see what was up. On reaching the creek, our reporter found Del bleeding profusely. With D's assistance the wounded man was brought to camp, and placed gently in his "little bed." Meanwhile, the other Nimonds who had abandoned the chase, returned to camp, and found their generalissimo wounded in the left hand. The dying hero rallied at the sight of his comrades, and in deep drawn tones exclaimed, "Gather round me boys, I'm dying!" A mighty good man is about to take his departure for the happy hunting ground." All this time D was vigorously applying water from a camp-kettle on the face and hands of the silver-haired veteran. In a few minutes the sufferer rallied, and called out, "Where's my bosom friend, Dave Holmes? Come here David, my son, until I embrace you and then I'll pour out my life-blood on your manly bosom." But David not being in the bloodthirsty vein, failed to connect. At this juncture D who had torn off his other gauze for bandages until only the collar and steves remained, claimed in "Please don't die, Jack! but if you must, let it console you that you are among your friends." Suddenly a smile lit up the heavenly countenance of the Ex County Commissioner, and with a celestial look on his classic phiz he called on someone to sing a *Hymn*. No sweet singer of Zion being present, there was silence for a few minutes, which was broken by Vineyard rushing to the rescue, and after sounding the key note with a three pronged table-fork, he commenced in his peculiarly dulcet notes, "Gloria-sat-on my ha-a-a-py ho-o-o-ho," but although the Ex Commissioner of schools had had the advantages of two tickets (his girl didn't go) to the blind Professor Rutan's singing school, he broke down before he had finished the first line. Seeing that he could not get sung to Heaven, by that crowd, the dying man called for the Lord's prayer, and Tom Bishon got through on his knees on the green swell, broke forth with, "I would not live always"—here B was interrupted by the dying man—*Glory, Glory, Hallelujah*, Plague on it, Tom, that's not the Lord's Prayer! try it again. Tom's countenance wore a troubled expression for a few minutes, but at length he commenced in solemn tones, "Mary had a little lamb," &c, which was frequently interrupted by the wailings of numerous human beings of the wounded hunter. By this time the doctor arrived on the scene, and informed the hunters in the Col. was more frightened than hurt, and he was carried to a neighboring house. Our Nimonds then commenced their hunt but for two days could see no deer, and our reporter, while munching crackers and cheese, was amused at seeing the starving hunters digging *caves*. After an absence of six days our citizens saw four hungry, shabby, woe-begone individuals stealing into town, and their wives and boarding mistresses say they punished the vultures with vengeance. So ended the hunt of the season, and in the language of John Giphin we are tempted to exclaim, "When they next a hunting go May we be there to see."

P. S. We are informed by Dave Holmes that the heat was a failure for the season, that he forgot to bring his pair of Irish Blinds along.

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During the Month of November there were 18 rainy days, with 4.87 inches water, clear days 3, cloudy, and two foggy.

Mean temperature for month 41°

Highest 55°, on the 22d. Lowest 28°, on the 29th.

In St. Louis a few days ago, two natives of the Flowery Kingdom appeared at Justice Walthers office, accompanied by two buxom lasses from the Emerald Isle, to whom they were married, according to the Laws of Missouri. The names of the parties are thus registered on the Squire's minute book: Dr. Ah Foon, of Canton, China, to Miss Ann M. Rust, of Tidewater, Ireland, and Joe Sin, of Shanghai, to Mary Davis, also of Ireland.

The above letter was brought in by William Eddy, from whom we learn the following additional particulars: J. A. Fairchild, P. A. Dorris, Nat Beswick and Eben Ball went out on Saturday, to find Captain Jack and Seal-faced Charley, and induce them to come in and give themselves up. The aborigines do not believe that Seal-faced Charley and Captain Jack had anything to do with the killing of settlers, and that the Indians killing settlers are a race under an Indian known as Jim. Mrs. Boddy also stated that it was Jim's party who killed her husband, Seal-faced Charley and Captain Jack not being in the band.

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REASONS FOR DISSOLUTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the partnership

of Hauseforth existing under the name of Nichols & Co. has been dissolved. The business will hereafter be continued under the firm of Nichols & Hyatt. All persons knowing themselves indebted to the old firm, will please call and settle either by note or coin.

B. F. NICHOLSON,
San Fran. Co.,
27 1/2-m.

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